

RHYMES OF FATHER GANDER.

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A COMPANION
and SEQUEL, to the



MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES.

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THE RHYMES OF FATHER GOOSIE GANDER

A COMPANION AND SEQUEL
TO

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES



WRITTEN BY

BLANCHE CARPENTER HULEATT AND BELLE CARPENTER SABIN

Illustrated by

BLANCHE CARPENTER HULEATT

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ONCE upon a time, my dears,
A long, long time ago,
Old Mother Goose she wrote some rhymes,
Which all the children know.

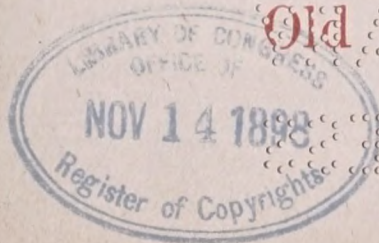
In countries East, West, North and South
You'll find them where'er you wander,
And now to keep them company
Come the rhymes of Father Gander.

Old Father Gander was very wise, [know.
And his rhymes tell what you've wanted to
When the cow jumped over the moon,
Where did she go?

Poor little pussy died in the well. [tell?
But who dug her grave? Pray, can you
And what happened to Jack and Jill
The next time they went up the hill?

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Feb. 18, 1899.

All this, my dears,
And much more, too,
Old Father Gander
Has found out for you.





I've often thought how sorry you were [shoe;
For the poor little children who lived in a
How they were spanked and sent to bed,
And sometimes without their supper too.

The fact is, my children, Old Mother Goose [been;
Never told you how naughty these children had
Their mother had scolded till she found it no use,
And so had to spank them again and again.

And now, after this, whenever you think
Of those boys and girls who lived in a shoe,
Remember that Old Father Gander wants you
To mind what your mothers tell you to do.

B. C. S.



Jack so nimble and Jack so quick,
Who used to jump over a candlestick,
Is now very sick—it's worse than a cramp,
For he tried to jump over a kerosene lamp.

B. C. S.

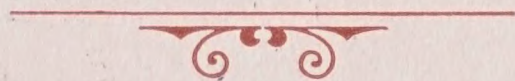


There were some bad men from Spain,
Blew up a big ship called the Maine,
So Uncle Sam said
They should be shot dead,
Or at least, he would give them a pain.

Every Yankee then loaded his gun
And said, "Spain will find this no fun,
Uncle Sam he says 'go'
And we'll do it, you know,
So watch for the Spanish to run."

Spain said that she wanted to fight,—
Tho' she kept her ships well out of sight,—
But now she'll agree
That the Yankees at sea
Have given her more than a fright.

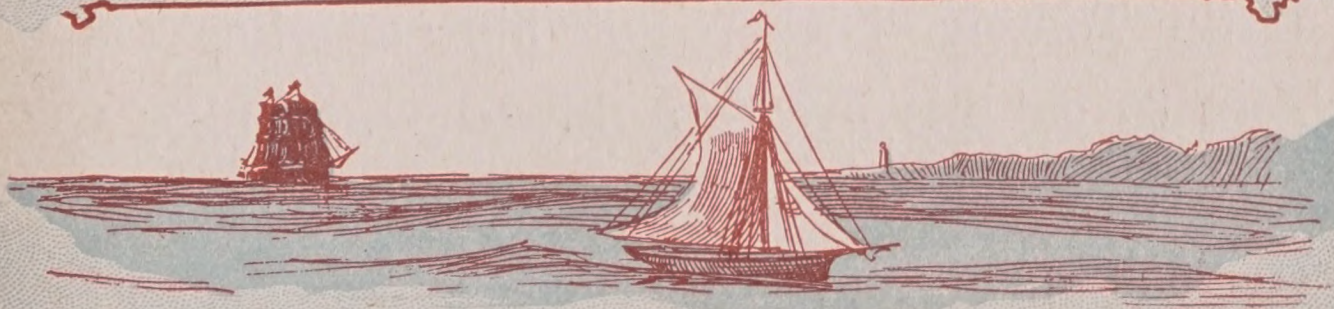
B. C. H.



When my ship comes in I'll have lots of things.
Candy and toys, silk dress and fine shoes,
Feathers, ribbons and laces fine—
All these things shall then be mine.

Pussy, you shall have a collar of gold,
And the richest of cream to drink each day;
A velvet cushion to sleep upon,
And in silk covers wrapped up to your chin;
All this, Pussy dear, shall be yours and mine,
When my ship comes in.

B. C. H.



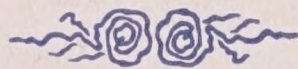
Hop-Scotch! Little Ted,
Spilled molasses on his head.
On the shelf he something saw,
Gone away was his mamma.

The shelf was up, oh! very high,
But to get the jug Ted thought he'd try.
Down fell Ted, the jug and all,
My! but that was an awful fall.

Mamma came, what did she find?
A little boy who didn't mind;
A broken jug, molasses spilled;
And Ted, oh! he was nearly killed.

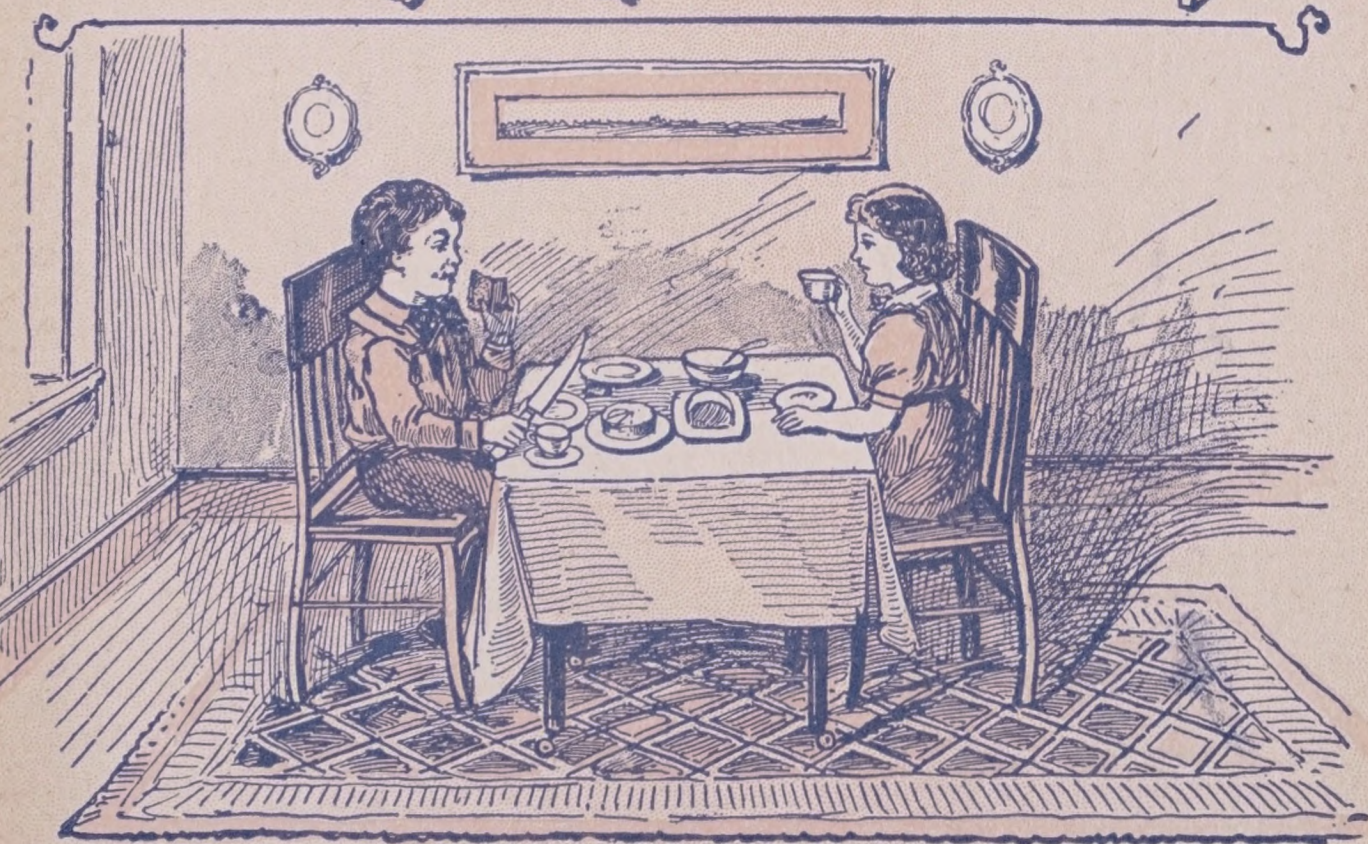
Mamma came to clean up the muss,
How Ted cried, and oh! what a fuss!
He learned a lesson tho', and he
Never again will so meddlesome be.

B. C. H.



Little Tommy Tucker got him a wife,
And to cut his bread, a brand new knife,
And now besides just bread and butter,
He has cake and preserves for supper.

B. C. H.



My Dapple Gray can galloping go;
Gallop, gallop,—so, he is never lazy,
Then when I say, “Whoa! whoa!”
He stands very still, you know.

My Dapple Gray is swift and strong;
All day long he can gallop and trot,
Over to town and back again;
Think I'd sell him? I guess not.

B. C. H.

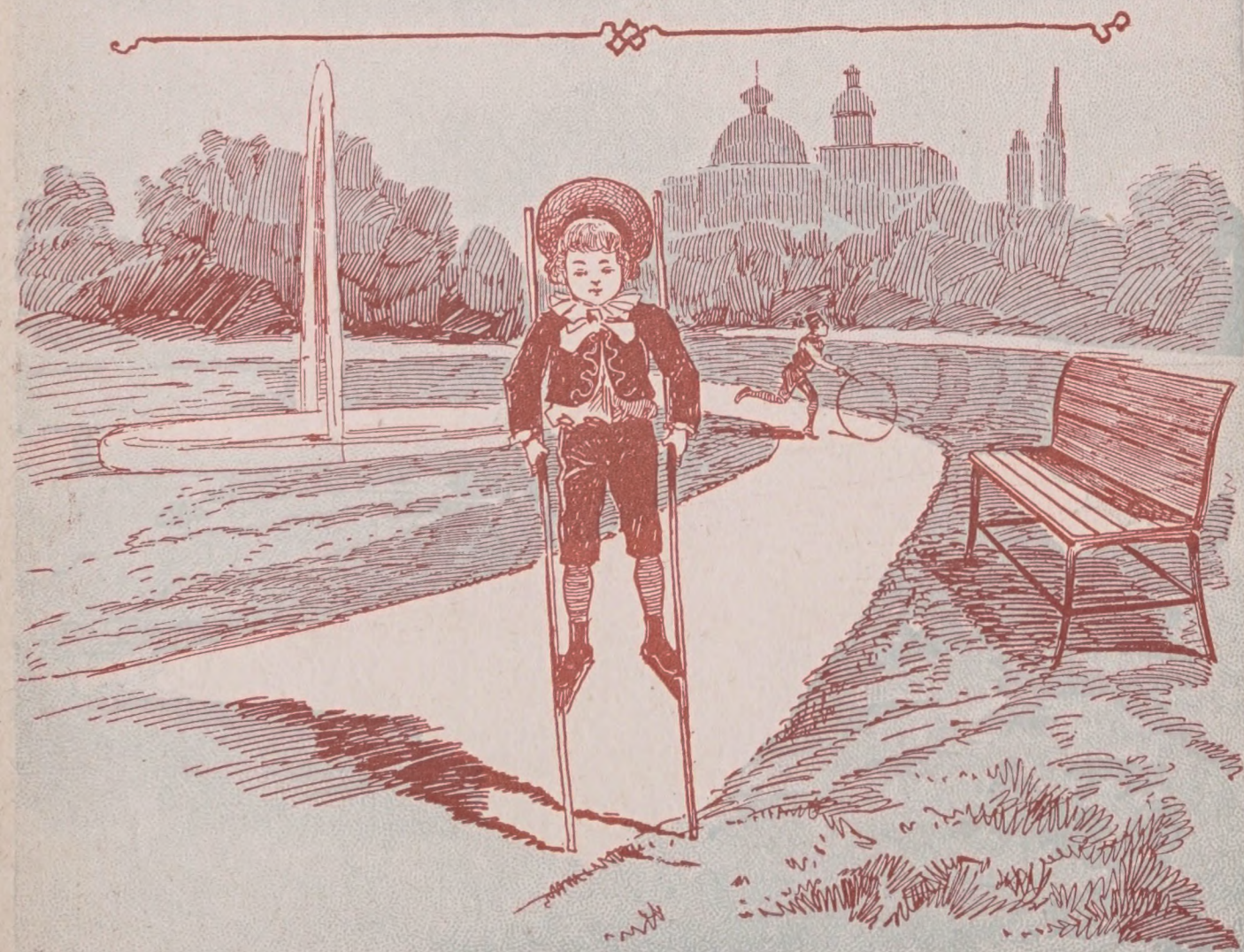
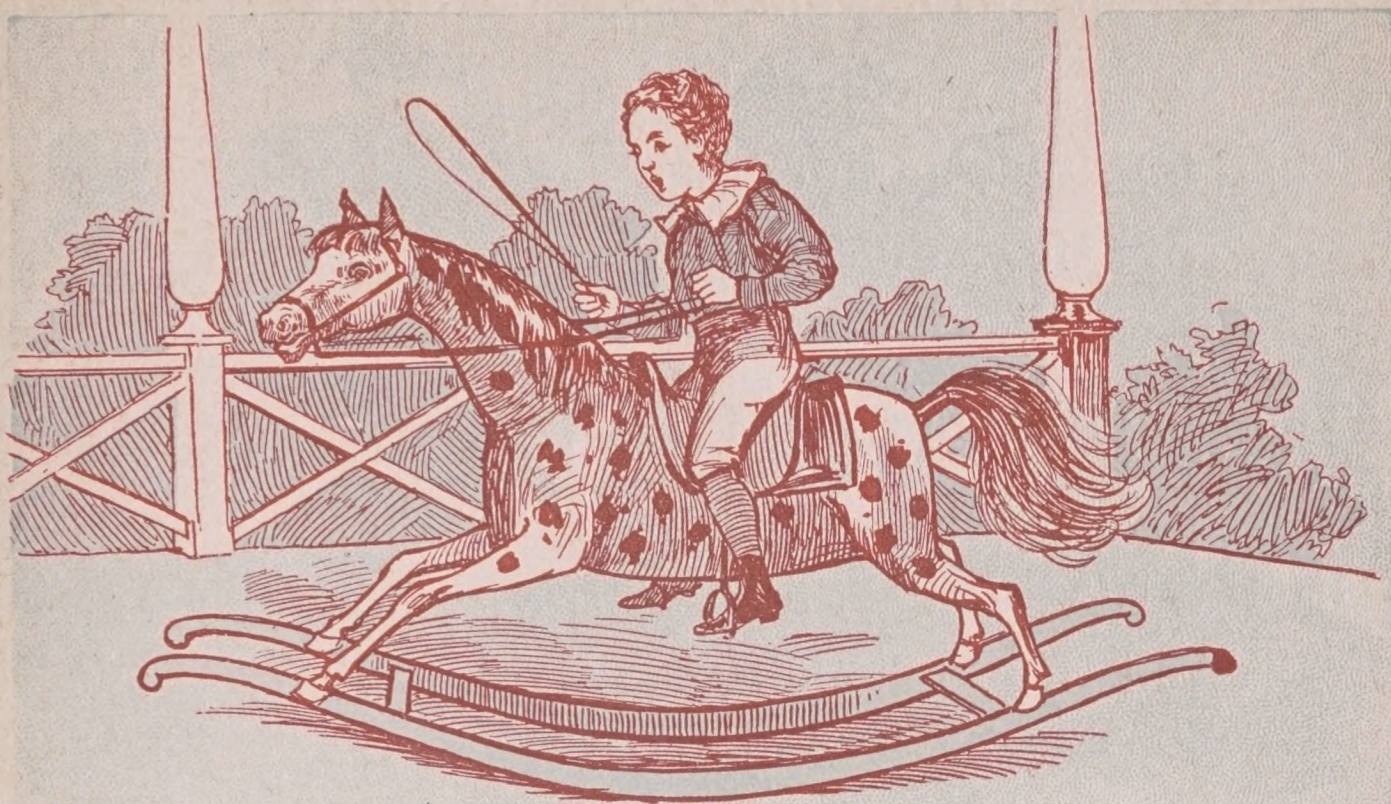


Wash your faces, comb your hair,
And be nice and neat,
And of this be sure, turn out your toes
When walking down the street.



Two legs upon two legs,
Four legs now in all;
Pray how many legs
Would four legs have
If he should get a fall?

B. C. H.



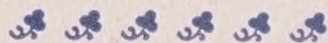
A big fat man went shooting ducks
One gray November day;
This big man's aim was sure and true
And few ducks flew away.

This big fat man had a great big gun,
And it made an awful noise,
It was death to the ducks, you may be sure,
And frightened the girls and boys.

B. C. H.



One-penny, two-penny, hippity-hop,
Which is the way to the candy shop?
Up this street and down that lane,
And I'll soon have me a candy cane.



As I was walking down Grass Grow Lane,
I met an old man who carried a cane;
He had bow legs and a big red nose, [goes.
And each morning down Grass Grow Lane he



The four and twenty black-birds, say, do you know
Where they went when the king cut open his pie?
They hopped out all over the table and chair
And some around the room did fly.

When they found themselves free, my! how they
did sing!

And the king thought he never had heard before
Such beautiful songs, and so he vowed
That into a pie they should go no more.



The Queen in the parlor
Stopped eating bread and honey;
She heard the merry music
And came running in to see,
And there sat the king
In his great arm-chair,
Listening to the bird's
Merry minstrelsy.

The Queen clapped her hands
And laughed for very joy;
The maid in the garden
Stopped hanging out the clothes,
And when she came a-running in
To see what made the noise,
The King and Queen said, "My!
Oh, my! where is your pretty nose?"

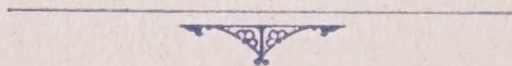


Doctor Foster, who went to Gloucester,
Ne'er went again, we're told;
He stepped in a puddle clear up to the middle,
And caught a dreadful cold.

But now I'll tell you something
Old Mother Goose never wrote;
When Doctor Foster was in that puddle,
A frog hopped into his throat.

And, boys and girls, if you take cold,
Or in the water play,
You're apt to get "a frog in your throat."
That's what the people say.

B. C. H.



Hickle-berry, huckle-berry,
One, two, three,
You may try,
But you can't catch me.



There was an old woman who lived long ago,
She was jolly, and clever, and fat.
She always had goodies put up in her cupboard,
And these she shared with her cat.

Now Tabby, the cat, was deceitful and sly,
And bad was the look in her yellow-green eye.

But this jolly old woman little did know
The thoughts Tabby had in her head,
As she sat by her side in the bright fire-light
And listened to all that she said.

For the old woman talked to Tabby so sly,
But saw not the look in her yellow-green eye.



One day this old woman to market did go,
And home a fine duck she did bring;
Said she, "Tabby, to-morrow I'll roast it up
brown,
And for such a nice dinner you'll sing."

Tabby winked her green eyes and to herself said,
"Only just wait till you're snugly in bed."

"You are such a good cat," the old woman said,
"You deserve to live at your ease,
And have a soft cushion to lie down upon
And do just about as you please."

Tabby closed the lid o'er one yellow-green eye
And gave her a soft and purring reply.



Banbury Cross is a famous town,
Why it is famous, Mother Goose tells;
It is there a fine lady rides on a white horse,
And she's rings on her fingers, and on her
toes, bells.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, the little bells ring,
Then the white horse will prance and jump,
And to Banbury Cross to see this fine sight,
All come riding on cock-horses, humpty-bump.

B. C. H.

If I should tell you a story
And when my story was done,
You should ask for another,
I think I'd tell you this one.

I knew a little dog
Whose name was Nick;
If you'd give him a cracker
He'd jump over a stick.

Jump over and say,
"Bow-wow, what fun!"
That is all now,
My story is done.

B. C. H.



Simple Simon went to town

All on a circus day;

He got into the monkeys' cage

And there he thought he'd stay.



He said if he could only be

A monkey in a cage

And travel with a circus,

He'd surely be the rage.



Simple Simon's mother

Missed him from their home,

And straightway to the circus

Did Simon's mother come.



From day to day his mother

Heard him say his lessons o'er,

And every day he seemed to be

More stupid than before.



So Simple Simon's mother thought

She'd send him off to school;

Perhaps he'd learn to read and write

And not be such a fool.



She got him paper, books, and slate,

And many pencils too,

But Simon only blinked his eyes

And not a thing would do.



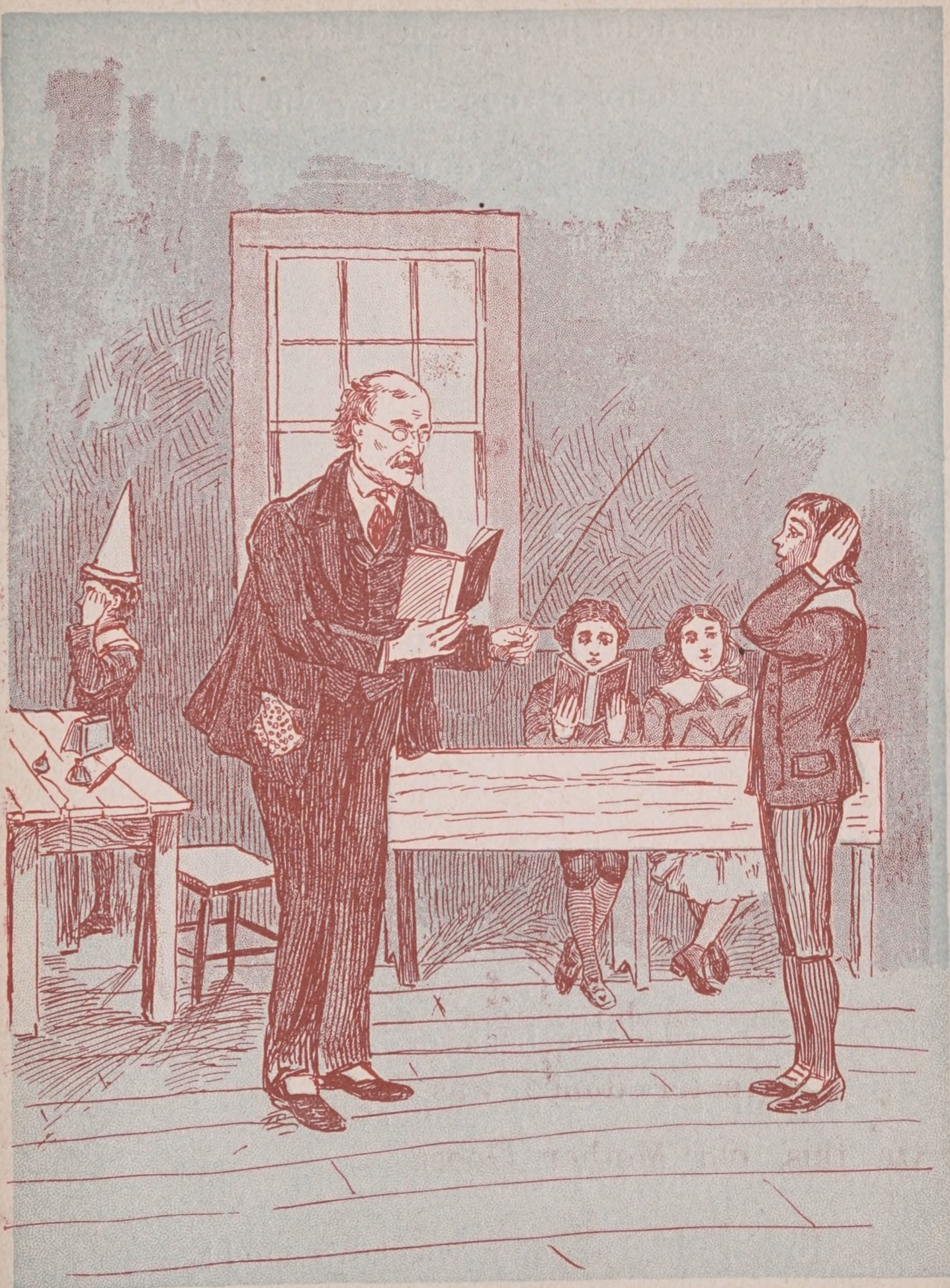
His hands and face he'd never wash,
Nor keep his clothes brushed neat;
He'd scratch his head when a question asked,
And in walking, drag his feet.



Said the teacher to Simple Simon,
“How much is two and two?”
Said Simple Simon, “You tell me,
For I’m sure I can’t tell you.”



Every day as he bigger grew
A greater dunce was he;
On this, old Mother Goose
And Father Gander will agree.



This is the funeral of poor little pussy,
That Tommy Green threw in the well;
Big John Stought, he dug her grave,
Toll—toll—ding, dong bell.



Tommy Green he walks away,
He sees how naughty he has been,
And I am sure he's sorry too
To think he threw poor pussy in.



For pussy was the best of cats
In all the county round;
Now who will kill the mice and rats?
How sad that she was drowned!



Jack and Jill went up the hill

After a pail of water,

Jack fell down and broke his crown

And Jill came tumbling after.



When Jack and Jill went up the hill

The next time after water,

They filled a keg and rolled it down

To save another disaster.



Old Dame Jill she laughed until

Her sides were sore and aching,

To see the clever trick Jack did

To save his crown a breaking.

B. C. S.



When the cow jumped over the moon
She went to the other side,
And when she got over her swoon
She looked around and cried:

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what a silly cow
I was to jump so high!
For now I never can get back
Till the moon is in the sky.”

She found herself in a pasture green,
With plenty of flowers too;
But no one came to milk her
And how the old cow did moo!

As soon as the moon was again in sight,
Said the cow, “Now I’ll soon be home;”
She jumped again with all her might,
And was back soon where she started from.

Here she met the dish,
Who came running with the spoon,
To ask what she had seen
On the other side of the moon.



A crow is in the top of an old dead tree;
“Caw! Caw! Caw!” says he,
While in the field a farmer ploughing,
Shouts, “Whoa, haw! Whoa, gee!”



Soon will the farmer plant his corn,
Whoa, haw! whoa, gee!
And then, old crow, you'll come flying down
From the top of the old dead tree.



You'll come to steal the farmer's corn,
But will fly away with a caw, caw, caw,
For the old scarecrow will flop its arms,
And the farmer will then laugh—ha, ha, ha!



Little Boy Blue awoke in a fright
And found that the cows were in the corn.
He jumped to his feet and blew his horn,
And shouted, "Whoy there!" with all his might.

One cow over the hay-cock jumped,
Another went over the fence ker-plunk,
And how those cows did bellow and moo!
They were frightened so by Little Boy Blue.

Never again did he go fast asleep
While guarding the corn,
And looking after the sheep.

B. C. H.



Baa, baa, black sheep lost her wool,
They came and cut it off her, three bags full;
Do you think she liked that? Oh, no, no,
But on her back more wool did grow.



"Hickory, dickory, dock,"

Grandmother sits by the clock,

Hoping by one, the yarn she has spun,

Will all be knit into the sock.

For Christmas draws near and 'tis Grandma's
fear

There will be no socks to hang,

When Santa Claus comes with candy and plums,

And guns that shoot with a bang!

B. C. S.



A little mouse came out of his house,

I suppose to find some cake,

And for pussy, who pounced upon him,

Just one mouthful did he make.



Ootsey-tootsey and Pinkie-winkie

In the bath-tub went for a swim;
How they kicked and splashed about!
They made a horrid din.

The little girl who bathed them
Thought it was lots of fun;
Ootsey-tootsey was her biggest toe,
And Pinkie, the little one.



Jumping Jennie, here she comes,
Jump, jump, jump;
If she's not careful down she'll go,
Then bump, bump, bump.



This is Old Speckle
And her chicks you see,
This is Dame Duck
And little ducks three.



There was a crooked man

Who rode a crooked mile;

He stopped to rest his crooked back

For just a little while.



And here he met a crooked maid

Who chanced to ride that way,

And, strange to say, he fell in love

With her that very day.



He was married in his crooked coat;

She wore her crooked blouse,

And now they live together

In a cute but crooked house.

B. C. S.



Little Jack Horner,
Who sat in a corner

And ate so much Christmas pie,
Awoke the next day
With a pain in his head
And his stomach all awry.

Dame Horner came in
With pills, plaster and gin;
To make him feel better she'd try;
She said, "Jack, be still;
You must take this pill,
So just say, 'What a brave boy am I!'"



Cherry-pie thick, or cherry-pie thin;
If ever you taste either,
You'll want some again.



Boys and girls,
Whatever you do,
Keep your mouths closed
When your victuals you chew. B. C. S.



This is the way to Bye-Low-Town,
Climb on my lap and you'll soon be there;
The way is safe and not very long,
And we'll go in this big rocking-chair.



First we gallop up Nodding Hill
And then Sleepy-Lane go down;
Here we are at Shut-Eye Gates
And just behind them is Bye-Low-Town.



Every night when the Sand-man comes,
Then I know it is time to go;
First we gallop, gallop, gallop,
And then slow—slow—slow.



Here are the piggies all in a row,
The great big pig, and the little wee-wee,
The middle-sized pig and the other two;
Five in all, just count and see.

This big pig he stole some corn,
This middle-sized pig he hid in the barn,
This pig, and this pig, danced for glee,
And this little piggie-wig cried "Wee! wee!"
B. C. H.

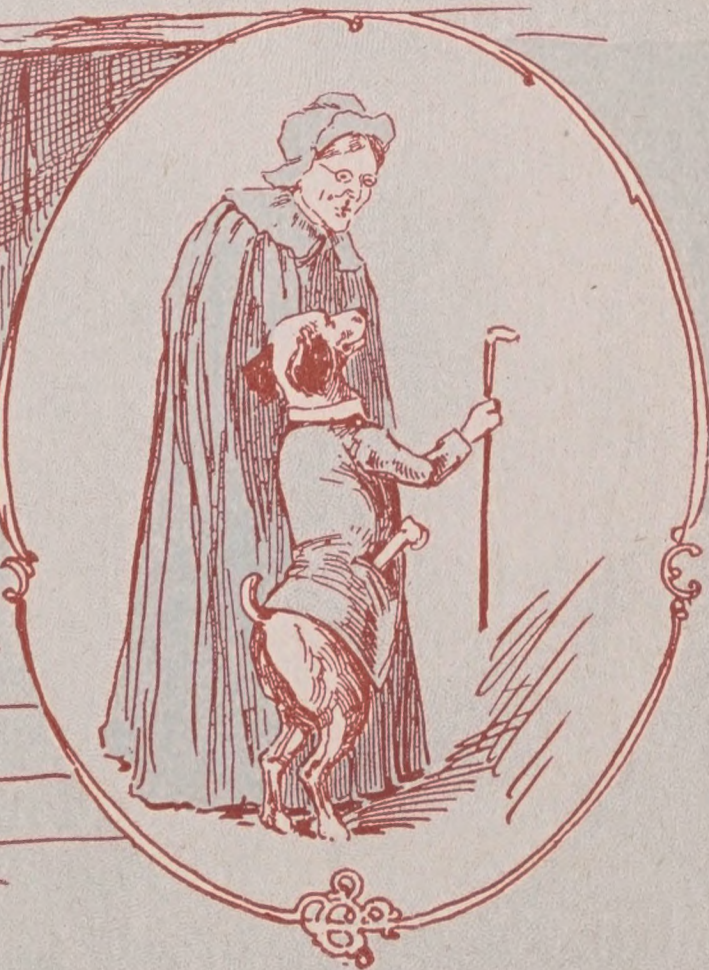


A wee little pig once ran away,
He thought he was a big pig then;
But when it got night,
He came home in a fright,
And cried to get into his pen.



Old Mother Hubbard went to the butcher's
And took her dog along;
Said she to the butcher, "Give my dog a bone
And he will sing you a song."
So the dog sang a song
And stood on his head,
And the butcher he laughed
Till nearly dead,
And his sides were sore
And his face was red,
And he gave the dog a bone;
Oh, yes, he gave the dog a bone
And the dog he carried it home.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the tailor's
And took her dog along;
Said she to the tailor, "Make my dog a coat
And he will sing you a song."
So the dog sang a song,
And stood on his head,
And the tailor he laughed
Till nearly dead,
And hustled away,
With needle and thread,
And soon had a nice coat done;
Oh, yes, he gave the dog a coat,
And the dog he wore it home.



Old Mother Hubbard went to the shoemaker's
And took her dog along;
Said she to the shoemaker, "Make my dog some
shoes
And he will sing you a song."
So the dog sang a song
And stood on his head,
And the shoemaker laughed
Till nearly dead,
And punched with his awl
And waxed his thread
And soon had a pair of shoes done;
Oh, yes, he gave the dog some shoes
And the dog he wore them home.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the hatter's
And took her dog along,
Said she to the hatter, "Give my dog a hat,
And he will sing you a song."
So the dog sang a song
And stood on his head,
And the hatter he laughed
Till nearly dead,
And he said it really turned one's head
To see a dog so upside down.
Oh, yes, he gave the dog a hat
And the dog he wore it home.



When I'm big I'll buy a lot of candy

And eat lots of pie, and pudding and cake,
And of course I'll be too big to cry

If it does give me the stomach-ache.

When I'm big I won't go to bed

Till I get a good ready to go,
But I'll sit up like Grandpa does
And do just as I please, you know.

Now Grandpa'll sit in his easy chair

And nod his head, and snore and doze,
Till pretty soon he'll wake with a start,
'Cause his spectacles drop right off his nose.

"Grandpa, you'd better go to bed,"

Mamma'll say, with a sort of smile,
And Grandpa'll say, "Why, I ain't asleep,
I just dropped off for a little while."



But if I drop off for a little while,
And close my eyes and nod my head,
Some body'll say "there, he's going to sleep,"
And I'm sure to be marched right off to bed.

B.C.H.



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